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present

ALLISON BENT *soprano*

KATHRYN KNAPP *mezzo*

MICHAEL McBRIDE *tenor*

JASON NEDECKY *baritone*

with

STEPHEN RALLS and BRUCE UBUKATA *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, February 3, 2004

8 p.m.



Bank Financial Group

ALLISON BENT, soprano
KATHRYN KNAPP mezzo
MICHAEL MCBRIDE tenor
JASON NEDECKY, baritone
STEPHEN RALLS and BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group of songs ☺

Le Promenoir des deux amants (*Tristan l'Hermite*)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

The first half of this evening's concert consists of music roughly a century old, cycles or groups of songs written between 1899 and 1910. *Le Promenoir des deux amants* was, in fact, the latest of these. In 1904, Debussy included the first song — then entitled *La Grotte* — in his *Trois Chansons de France*. In 1910, he set two more poems by the seventeenth century Tristan l'Hermite and grouped the three under their present title (which was that of l'Hermite's collection of poems published in 1638). As Graham Johnson writes, "it is as if the courtiers of the *Fêtes galantes* have grown up at last and, in ageing, have discovered a deeper note to human relationships."

Auprès de cette grotte sombre

Auprès de cette grotte sombre
Où l'on respire air si doux,
L'onde lutte avec les cailloux
Et la lumière avecque l'ombre.

Ces flots, lassés de l'exercice
Qu'ils ont fait dessus ce gravier,
Se reposent dans ce vivier
Où mourut autrefois Narcisse...

L'ombre de cette fleur vermeille
Et celle de ces joncs pendants
Paraissent estre là-dedans
Les songes de l'eau qui sommeille.

Close to this dark grotto
where the air is so soft,
the water contends with pebbles
and the light contends with shade.

These waves, tired of moving
across this gravel,
are reposing in this pond
where long ago Narcissus died.

The shadow of this crimson flower
and of those bending reeds
seem in the depths to be
the dreams of the sleeping water.

Crois mon conseil, chère Climène

Crois mon conseil, chère Climène;
Pour laisser arriver le soir,
Je te prie, allons-nous asseoir
Sur le bord de cette fontaine.

Trust my counsel, dear Climène;
while waiting for evening to fall,
I beg you, let us sit
at this fountain's edge.

N'ouïs-tu pas soupirer Zéphire,
De merveille et d'amour atteint,
Voyant des roses sur ton teint,
Qui ne sont pas de son empire?

Can you not hear Zephyrus sigh,
stricken with wonder and love
at the sight of roses on your cheeks,
over which he has no power?

Sa bouche d'odeur toute pleine
A soufflé sur notre chemin,
Mêlant un esprit de jasmin
À l'ambre de ta douce haleine.

His mouth, so full of fragrance,
has breathed across our path,
mingling jasmine essence
with the amber of your sweet breath.

Je tremble en voyant ton visage

Je tremble en voyant ton visage
Flotter avecque mes désirs,
Tant j'ai de peur que mes soupirs
Ne lui fassent faire naufrage.

I tremble when I see your face
floating with my desires,
so frightened am I that my sighs
might cause your face to drown.

De crainte de cette aventure
Ne commets pas si librement
À cet infidèle élément
Tous les trésors de la Nature.

For fear of this misfortune,
do not endow too freely
that untrustworthy element
with all of Nature's treasures.

Veux-tu, par un doux privilège,
Me mettre au-dessus des humains?
Fais-moi boire au creux
de tes mains,
Si l'eau n'en dissout point la neige.

Will you, as a sweet privilege,
raise me above human kind?
Let me drink from your
cupped hands,
if the water melt not their snow.



Three songs to texts from *Pierrot Lunaire* (Albert Giraud)

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Joseph Marx was born in Graz and, in the early years of the twentieth century, began to make a name for himself among the young followers of the German *avant garde*. He wrote well over a hundred songs and, in them, sought to take to a further stage the traditions of Brahms, Wolf and Reger. Later in his life, his position as a late romantic became more entrenched and he turned his face away from the new trends represent-

ed by the second Viennese school. Thus, it is instructive to hear these songs from 1909, which are in a kind of Austrian impressionist style. They use some of the poems from *Pierrot Lunaire* which would soon be set by the Schoenberg whom Marx came to abhor.

Pierrot Dandy

Im phantast'schen Mondenstrahle
Blitzen Fläschchen und Krystalle,
Vor dem Waschtisch schmückt
der fahle
Pierrot Dandy sich zum Balle.

Wasserstrahl in seiner Schale
Klirrt gleich singendem
Metalle.

Im phantast'schen Mondenstrahle
Blitzen Fläschchen und
Krystalle.

Pierrot, statt daß auf die schmale
Bleiche Lippe er das dralle
Rot des frischen Lebens male,
Schminkt sich, daß er ihr gefalle,
Mit phantast'schem Mondenstrahle.

With a fantastic beam of light,
the moon illumines the
crystal flasks.
At the wash-stand
Pierrot prepares for the ball.

In the resounding bowl of bronze
the fountain brightly laughs,
a metallic sound.

With a fantastic beam of light,
the moon illumines the crystal
flasks.

Pierrot, instead of colouring
his small, pale lips
with the red of new life,
paints himself, so as to please her,

Kolumbine

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen,
Blühn in den Julinächten —
O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strom
Des Mondlichts bleiche
Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,
So selig leis entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche
Blüten!

Columbine

Pale blossoms of the moonlight,
white magic roses
bloom in the nights of July —
O that I might pick one!

To ease my fear and pain,
I seek by the dark river
the pale blossoms of the
moonlight,
white magic roses.

All my longing would be stilled,
could I thus secretly,
as in a fairy-tale blissfully and softly
shed on your brown hair
petals of the pale blossoms of the
moonlight!

Valse de Chopin

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtger
Reiz.

Wilder Lust Accorde tönen
Der Verzweiflung eisgen Traum —
Wie ein Blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heiss und jauchzend, süß and
schmachtend,
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,
Kommst mir, nimmer aus den Sinn!
Haftest mir in den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

Chopin Waltz

As a faded drop of blood
stains the lips of a sick woman,
thus rests upon these notes
a charm born of destructive
fascination.

The chords of wild joy disturb
the icy dream of despair —
as a faded drop of blood
stains the lips of a sick woman.

The torrid and joyous, sweet and
languorous,
melancholy, sombre waltz
never leaves my mind!
Clinging to my thoughts
like a faded drop of blood!



Three songs

Jan Sibelius (1865-1957)

Like Marx, Sibelius composed over a hundred songs, most of which are today unperformed. The best known are from Op.36, written in 1899, the year of the First Symphony and *Finlandia*. The next group, Op.37, dates from 1902, when the Second Symphony was completed. While composed with piano accompaniment, they have an orchestral sweep and a sense of scale far beyond their short duration. The songs were set in Swedish, the language which Sibelius spoke first, before painstakingly learning Finnish, the tongue of his homeland.

Flickan kam ifran sin älsklings möte (Johan Ludvig Runeberg), Op 37/5

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings
möte,
kom med röda händer. Modern
sade:
"Varav rodna dina händer,
flicka?"

The girl came from meeting
her lover,
came with her hands all red.
Said her mother:
"What has made your hands so
red, girl?"

Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat
rosor
och på törnen stungit mina
händer."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings
möte,
kom med röda läppar. Modern
sade:
"Varav rodna dina läppar,
flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit
hallon
och med saften målat mina
läppar."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings
möte,
kom med bleka kinder. Modern
sade:
"Varav blekna dina kinder,
flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o
moder!
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors
däröver,
och på korset rista, som jag
säger:
En gång kom hon hem med
röda händer,
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns
händer.
En gång kom hon hem med
röda läppar,
ty de rodnat under älskarns
läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka
kinder,
ty de bleknat genom älskarns
otro."

Said the girl: "I was picking
roses
and pricked my hands on the
thorns."

Again she came from meeting
her lover,
came with her lips all red.
Said her mother:
"What has made your lips so
red, girl?"
Said the girl: "I was eating
raspberries
and stained my lips with
the juice."

Again she came from meeting
her lover,
came with her cheeks all pale.
Said her mother:
"What has made your cheeks so
pale, girl?"
Said the girl: "Oh mother, dig a
grave for me,
hide me there and set a
cross above,
and on the cross write as
I tell you:
Once she came home with her
hands all red,
they had turned red between
her lover's hands.
Once she came home with her lips
all red,
they had turned red beneath her
lover's lips.
The last time she came home with
her cheeks all pale,
they had turned pale at her lover's
faithlessness."

Säv, säv, susa (*Gustaf Fröding*), Op 36/4

Säv, säv, susa,
 Våg, våg, slå,
 I sägen mig hvar Ingalill
 den unga mände gå?
 Hon skrek som en
 vingskjuten and,
 När hon sjönk i sjön,
 Det var när sista vår stod
 grön.
 De voro henne gramse
 vid Östanålid,
 Det tog hon sig så illa vid.
 De voro henne gramse för
 gods och gull
 Och för hennes unga
 kärleks skull.
 De stucko en ögonsten
 med tagg,
 De kastade smuts i en
 liljas dagg.
 Så sjungen, sjungen
 sorgsång,
 I sorgsna vågor små,
 Säv, säv, susa,
 Våg, våg, slå!

Reeds, reeds, whisper;
 waves, waves, lap.
 Are you telling me where
 young Ingalill has gone?
 She cried out like a
 wounded duck
 when she sank into the lake:
 It was when the spring was
 last green.
 They were envious of her
 at Östanålid,
 She took it so deeply to heart.
 They envied her wealth and
 worldly goods,
 And her young
 love.
 They pierced an eyeball
 with thorns.
 They spattered filth on
 a lily's dew.
 So sing your
 lament,
 you small, sad waves,
 Reeds, reeds, whisper;
 waves, waves, lap.

Svarta rosor (*Ernst Josephson*), Op 36/1

Säg hvarför är du så ledsen
 i dag,
 Du, som alltid är så lustig
 och glad?
 Och inte är jag mera ledsen
 i dag
 Än när jag tyckes dig lustig
 och glad;
 Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Black roses

Tell me, why are you so unhappy
 today,
 You who are always so cheerful
 and bright?
 In fact I am no more unhappy
 today
 Than when you think me cheerful
 and bright;
 For grief has roses black as night.

I mitt hjerta der växer ett
 rosendeträd
 Som aldrig nånsin vill lemna
 mig fred.
 Och på stjelkarne sitter det
 tagg vid tagg,
 Och det vållar mig ständigt
 sveda och agg;
 Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Men af rosor blir det en hel
 klenod,
 Än hvita som döden, än röda
 som blod.
 Det växer och växer. Jag tror
 jag förgår,
 I hjerträdets rötter det rycker
 och slår;
 Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

In my heart there grows a flowering
 rose-tree
 That will never, ever leave me
 in peace.
 And the stalks are all covered
 with thorn on thorn,
 And it nags and torments me
 without respite;
 For grief has roses black as night.

But from roses there comes a
 flawless jewel,
 As white as death, as red
 as blood.
 It grows bigger and bigger.
 I feel my strength fail,
 It tears and gnaws at the
 roots of my heart;
 For grief has roses black as night.



Three songs from *Sea Pictures*, Op. 37

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Elgar's *Sea Pictures* was composed in 1899 for the great English singer, Clara Butt, to perform, with orchestra, at the Norwich Festival. The cycle of five songs sets poetry of rather indifferent quality — Elizabeth Barrett Browning's lines can make the strongest boast. A friend of Elgar's recalled: "E.E. used to say that it is better to set the best second-rate poetry to music, for the most immortal verse *is* music already." (Goethe would have concurred!) We might compare the case of Richard Strauss; Elgar's sensitivity to the poetic ideas expressed and his skillful employment of musical leitmotives make this cycle a continual source of fascination.

Sea Slumber Song (*Roden Noel*)

Sea-birds are asleep,
 The world forgets to weep,
 Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
 On the shadowy sand
 Of this elfin land;
 "I, the Mother mild,
 Hush thee, oh my child,
 Forget the voices wild!
 Hush thee, oh my child,
 Isles in elfin light
 Dream, the rocks and caves,
 Lulled by whispering waves,
 Veil their marbles bright,
 Foam glimmers faintly white
 Upon the shelly sand
 Of this elfin land;
 Sea-sound, like violins,
 To slumber woos and wins,
 I murmur my soft slumber-song,
 Leave woes, and wails, and sins,
 Ocean's shadowy might
 Breathes good night,
 Goodnight ...! "

Where corals lie (*Richard Garnett*)

The deeps have music soft and low
 When winds awake the airy spry,
 It lures me, lures me on to go
 And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and steed, by lawn and rill,
 When night is deep, and moon is high,
 That music seeks and finds me still,
 And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
 But far the rapid fancies fly
 To the rolling worlds of wave and shell,
 And all the lands where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
 Thy smile is like a morning sky,
 Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
 And see the land where corals lie.

Sabbath Morning at Sea (*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*)

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters around me, turbulent,
The skies, impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

Love me, sweet friends, this sabbath day.
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn, unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in your soul
Because your voice has faltered.

And though this sabbath comes to me
Without the stolèd minister,
And chanting congregation,
God's Spirit shall give comfort. HE
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,
Where keep the saints, with harp and song,
An endless sabbath morning,
And, on that sea commixed with fire,
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
To the full Godhead's burning.



INTERMISSION

Liebeslieder-Walzer (Georg Friedrich Daumer), Op. 52

Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

In the spring of 1869, Brahms decided to make his permanent home in Vienna. Before doing so, he spent the summer in Baden-Baden, within easy reach of Clara Schumann and her family. In July, the engagement was announced between her daughter, Julie, and an Italian nobleman — and Clara recorded her astonishment at Brahms' shocked reaction. 'Did he really love her?' she asked her diary. Perhaps the *Liebeslieder*, recently completed, were an expression of his fancies about the beautiful girl, whom he saw every day at her mother's house. (At any rate, his very next opus, the *Alto Rhapsody*, with its depiction of isolation and resignation, he described as his 'bridal song' for Julie.)

As far as musical features are concerned, Brahms must have been influenced by his recent work in editing a collection of *Ländler* (ancestors of the waltz) by Schubert, as well as by his imminent move to Vienna. The texts are from the collection *Polydora: ein weltpoetisches Liederbuch*, in which Daumer translated folk-poems from Russia, Poland and Hungary. Brahms asked his publisher, unsuccessfully, to bring out the *Liebeslieder* in three parts: in this concert, we follow his suggested scheme, which entails some re-ordering of the central group of six waltzes. (This is indicated by our retention of the published numbering.)

Lovesongs in waltz form**PART 1***I. Quartet:**Tenor/baritone:*

Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes
 Das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
 Hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
 Diese wilden Glutgefühle!

Tell me, maiden dearest,
 who in this cool breast of mine
 have with your glances roused
 these wild ardours,

Willst du nicht dein Herz
 erweichen,
 Willst du, eine Überfromme,
 Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
 Oder willst du, daß ich komme?

will you not soften your
 heart?
 Will you live, nun-like,
 without the sweetness of love,
 or may I come to you?

Soprano/mezzo:

Rasten ohne traute
Wonne,
Nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
Komme nur, du schwarzes
Auge,
Komme, wenn die Sterne
grüßen.

To live without the sweetness
of love
is a bitter lot I would not bear.
Then come, my black-eyed
one,
come when the stars give their
greeting.

II. Quartet:

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
Heftig angetrieben;
Wer da nicht zu seufzen
weiß,
Lernt es unterm Lieben.

Against the rocks the torrent,
violently driven, dashes itself:
he who does not know how
to sigh like this
will learn through loving.

III. Tenor/baritone

O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
Wie sie Wonne, Wonne tauen!
Wäre lang ein Mönch
geworden,
Wären nicht die Frauen, die
Frauen!

Oh, women, women,
what ecstasy they bring!
I'd long ago have become
a monk
but for women!

IV. Soprano/mezzo

Wie des Abends schöne Röte
Möcht' ich arme Dirne
glühn,
Einem, Einem zu gefallen,
Sonder Ende Wonne sprüh'n.

If only I, a humble maiden,
could glow with the beauty of
an evening sunset!
To please one, one alone,
would be a fount of endless bliss!

V. Quartet:

Die grüne Hopfenranke,
Sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dirne,
So traurig ist ihr Sinn!

The green tendrils of the vine
are drooping on the ground.
The fair young maiden,
how sadly she too droops!

Du höre, grüne Ranke!
Was hebst du dich nicht himmel-
wärts?
Du höre, schöne Dirne!
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?

Say, ye green tendrils,
why do you not stretch up to the
sky?
Say, fair maiden,
why is your heart so heavy?

Wie höbe sich die Ranke,
Der keine Stütze Kraft
verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,
Wenn ihr das Liebste weit?

How can the vines grow upwards
without supports to lend them
strength?
How can the maid be joyful
when her beloved is far away?

VI. Quartet:

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
 nahm den Flug
 Zum Garten hin,
 da gab es Obst genug.
 Wenn ich ein hübscher,
 kleiner Vogel wär,
 Ich säumte nicht,
 ich täte so wie der.

Leimruten-Arglist
 lauert an dem Ort;
 Der arme Vogel
 konnte nicht mehr fort.
 Wenn ich ein hübscher,
 kleiner Vogel wär,
 Ich säumte doch,
 ich täte nicht wie der.

Der Vogel kam
 in eine schöne Hand,
 Da tat es ihm,
 dem Glücklichen, nicht and.
 Wenn ich ein hübscher,
 kleiner Vogel wär,
 Ich säumte nicht,
 ich täte doch wie der.

A pretty little bird
 took its flight
 into a garden
 full of fruit.
 Were I a pretty
 little bird
 I wouldn't hesitate,
 I'd do the same.

Lime-twigs' treachery
 lay in wait for him:
 the poor bird
 could not fly away.
 Were I a pretty
 little bird,
 I'd hesitate,
 wouldn't do the same.

The bird came
 into a fair hand;
 the lucky creature
 wanted nothing better.
 Were I a pretty
 little bird,
 I'd not hesitate,
 I'd do just the same.

PART 2*X. Quartet:*

O wie sanft die Quelle sich
 Durch die Wiese windet!
 O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich
 Zu der Liebe findet!

Oh how gently the stream
 winds through the meadow!
 Oh how sweet when love
 finds an answering love.

XI. Quartet:

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
 mit den Leuten;
 Alles wissen sie so giftig
 Auszudeuten!

No, there is no bearing with
 these people;
 they twist everything so
 spitefully.

Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich
 lose Triebe;
 Bin ich still, so heits, ich wre
 Irr aus Liebe.

XII. Quartet:

Schlosser auf, und mache
 Schlsser,
 Schlsser ohne Zahl;
 Denn die bsen bsen Muler
 Will ich schlieen, schlieen
 allzumal.

VII. Mezzo:

Wohl schn bewandt war es
 vorehe
 Mit meinem Leben, mit meiner
 Liebe;
 Durch eine Wand, ja, durch
 zehn Wnde
 Erkannte mich des Freundes
 Sehe.
 Doch jetzo, wehe,
 Wenn ich dem Kalten auch
 noch so dicht
 Vorm Auge stehe,
 Es merks sein Auge, sein
 Herze nicht.

VIII. Quartet:

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
 Und so lieblich schauet,
 Jede letzte Trbe
 flieht
 Welche mich umgrauet,

Dieser Liebe schne Glut,
 La sie nicht verstieben!
 Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu
 Dich ein andrer lieben.

If I'm merry, then I'm haunted by
 loose thoughts;
 if I'm quiet, they say I'm
 crazed with love.

Come, locksmith, and make me
 padlocks,
 padlocks without number!
 I'll close their malicious mouths
 once and for all!

How happy once
 seemed to be
 my life,
 my love!
 Through a wall — yes, through
 ten walls —
 my lover's gaze would
 reach me.
 But now, alas,
 even if I stand right
 in front
 of his cold face,
 his eyes and his heart
 are closed to me.

When your eyes rest on me so
 kindly and lovingly,
 every last trouble that
 besets me
 flees.

Oh do not let the sweet glow of
 that love die down!
 No one will ever love you
 so truly as I.

IX. Quartet:

Am Donaustrande, da steht
 ein Haus,
 Da schaut ein rosiges
 Mädchen aus.
 Das Mädchen, es ist wohl
 gut gehegt,
 Zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor
 die Türe gelegt.
 Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist
 ein Spaß;
 Die spreng ich als wären sie
 nur von Glas.

On the Danube's banks there
 stands a house
 from which a bonny maid looks
 out.
 The maid is very well
 guarded;
 ten bolts protect
 her door.
 Ten iron bars — that's
 a joke!
 I'll break them down as if they
 were but glass.

*PART 3**XIII. Soprano/mezzo:*

Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
 Sucht nach einem Aste;
 Und das Herz, ein Herz, ein
 Herz begehrt's,
 Wo es selig raste.

A little bird flies far and wide
 in quest of a branch;
 and a heart seeks another
 heart
 where it can rest in peace.

XIV. Tenor/baritone:

Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,
 Blickt der Mond
 hernieder!
 Die du meine Liebe bist,
 Liebe du mich wieder!

See how clear are the waves
 when the moon shines down
 on them!
 You who are my love,
 return my love!

XV. Quartet:

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
 Wenn die Sterne funkeln.
 Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
 Küsse mich im Dunkeln.

The nightingale sings so sweetly
 when the stars are shining.
 Love me, beloved heart,
 embrace me in the darkness!

XVI. *Quartet:*

Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe,
 Ein gar zu gefährlicher
 Brunnen;
 Da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
 Kann weder hören noch sehn,
 Nur denken an meine Wonnen,
 Nur stöhnen in meinen Weh'n.

Love is a dark pit,
 an all too dangerous
 well;
 woe is me, I fell in,
 and now can neither hear nor see;
 I can but muse on my bliss,
 only bemoan my sorrows.

XVII. *Tenor:*

Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort
 außen im Flurbereich.
 Die Füße würden dir, die
 zarten, zu naß, zu weich.

Do not stray, dear love, in
 yonder flowery meadow;
 it is too wet, too yielding, for
 your tender feet.

All überströmt sind dort die
 Wege, die Stege dir;
 So überreichlich tränke dorten
 das Auge mir.

All flooded are the paths
 and tracks there,
 so profusely have my eyes
 there shed tears.

XVIII.

Quartet:

Es bebet das Gesträuche,
 Gestreift hat es im Fluge ein
 Vögelein.
 In gleicher Art erbebet die
 Seele mir,
 Erschüttert von Liebe, Lust
 und Leide,
 Gedenkt sie dein.

The branches tremble;
 a little bird has brushed them
 in his flight.
 Disturbed in like fashion,
 my soul trembles
 with love, desire and grief
 when it
 thinks of you.

About The Aldeburgh Connection

Each season we present a four concert Sunday Series in Walter Hall, where the programmes are built around a musical, historical or literary theme, and the songs set within narrative exploring the theme. Two concerts remain in this year's Series. On March 14, we visit the rich musical and literary heritage of Ireland, in *St Patrick's Music*, with soprano **Virginia Hatfield**, mezzo **Anita Krause**, tenor **Michael Colvin**, baritone **Alexander Dobson**, and **Christopher Newton** as narrator. Then, on May 2, our popular *Greta Kraus Schubertiad*, this year in Walter Hall, presents three exciting young singers, soprano **Jennie Such**, tenor **Eric Shaw** and baritone **Peter McGillivray**. Single tickets are \$40; call (905) 707-3185. These concerts are usually sold out well in advance, so please call ahead.

There are also two concerts remaining in our Recital Series in the Glenn Gould Studio. Soprano **Nathalie Paulin** appears on Monday, March 8, in a programme of French song, including Fauré's *La Bonne chanson*, and baritone **Brett Polegato** returns to our stage on Wednesday, May 12. Concert time is 8 pm. Single tickets may be purchased from the Glenn Gould Studio box office at (416) 205-5555.

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Allison Bent has a degree in Music and Theatre from Dalhousie University, and an Artist's Diploma from the University of Toronto. In her home province of Nova Scotia she has appeared as soloist for Symphony Nova Scotia, the Nova Scotia International Tattoo, and the Nova Scotia Youth Orchestra, and is frequently heard in the St. Cecilia Concert Series. Allison is a Nova Scotia Talent Trust recipient and the 2003 winner of the Portia White Award. Allison has also performed with the Mountainview International Festival of Song in Calgary, Alberta and was heard in our Hugo Wolf celebrations last winter. She made her Massey Hall debut as a guest soloist with the St. Michael's Choir School, and has spent two summers at the Banff Centre for the Arts, where she understudied the title role in the new Canadian opera, *Filumena*. Her other stage roles include Despina in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, Rose Maurant in Kurt Weill's *Street Scene*, and Morgana in Handel's *Alcina*. Upcoming in March is the role of Lucy Locket in Britten's *The Beggar's Opera*, and she will travel to Japan for a six week summer concert tour, resulting from the Jeunes Ambassadeurs Lyriques Competition. Allison is in the final year of her Master's in Opera at the University of Toronto, and is in the studio of Jean MacPhail.

Kathryn Knapp is in the second year of her Opera Diploma at the University of Toronto, studying with Professor Lorna MacDonald. While completing her Bachelor's of Music at the University of Victoria, she was

privileged to perform Edward Elgar's *Sea Pictures* with the University Orchestra. She has sung the role of Dido in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* with the University of Victoria and created roles in two new operas: Mrs. Starbuck in Christopher Donison's *Eyes on the Mountain*, with The Victoria Conservatory Opera Studio, and Mrs. Stewart in Tobin Stokes's *The Vinedressers*, presented by The Other Guys Theatre, also in Victoria. Last summer, she was seen as Augusta Tabor in Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* with Summer Opera Lyric Theatre in Toronto. During her first year at the University of Toronto's Opera School, she sang the role of Bradamante in Handel's *Alcina*, and in March, Kathryn will perform the role of Mrs. Peachum in Britten's *The Beggar's Opera*.

Michael McBride is a fourth-year student in the B.Mus. voice performance program at the University of Toronto Faculty of Music, where he is a student of Dr. Darryl Edwards. He presently holds the Irene Jessner scholarship at the University of Toronto, and recently won the award as "most promising senior undergraduate singer" at the Ontario Auditions for the National Association of Teachers of Singing. He has appeared as a tenor soloist for Handel's *Messiah* with the Etobicoke Centennial Choir, Mozart's *Vesperae di Confessore* with the Hart House Chorus, Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* with the Toronto Sinfonietta, and Bach's cantata BWV 62: *Nun komm der heiden Heiland*, with the Georgetown Bach Chorale. He performed the role of the First Prisoner in Stuttgart, Germany in concert performances of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, conducted by Helmuth Rilling. Recent opera performances include the role of Tamino in Mozart's *The Magic Flute* for Opera Barrie, Fileno in Haydn's *La fedeltà premiata* for the Mooredale Concert Series, and Rinuccio in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, for La Musica Lirica in Urbania, Italy.

Jason Nedecky is a graduate of the University of Manitoba (Bachelor of Music,) and holds associate degrees from the Royal Conservatory of Music in both piano and voice. He is a recent honours graduate of the University of Toronto Opera Division, and is currently pursuing Master's Studies in Vocal Performance at U. of T. with Mary Morrison, O.C. Mr. Nedecky performs regularly as a soloist, and has much experience in chamber vocal ensembles. Recent solo engagements include appearances in Haydn's *Creation* with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, in Fauré's *Requiem* with the Manitoba Chamber Orchestra under the baton of Maestro Frieder Bernius, and with Toronto Consort and artistic director, David Fallis. For the Saskatoon Opera Association, Mr. Nedecky appeared in the 2001 production of *Die Zauberflöte*, by Mozart, and again in 2003 as Escamillo in Bizet's *Carmen*. Other operatic experience includes performances of the title role in *Don Giovanni* at Opera NUOVA in Edmonton, in the Chamber Opera West's world premiere of the Canadian opera *The Master's Stroke*, by Neil Weisensel and Michael Cavenagh, and in Opera Atelier's Toronto production of *The Marriage of Figaro*, with the Tafelmusik Orchestra. Upcoming engagements include an evening of J.S. Bach works with the Toronto Chamber Choir.

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England, with the English Opera Group where he was selected as chief répétiteur for Britten's last opera, *Death in Venice* and played the important solo piano part in the first performances and on the Decca recording. This led to recital appearances with Sir Peter Pears at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC, and to Mr. Ralls' appointment to the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. His reputation extended to Canada following his appointment in 1978 to the staff of the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, where he is now Musical Director of the Opera Division. He has accompanied Canada's finest singers in numerous concerts, festivals and broadcasts. He has also worked with the Canadian Opera Company, the Banff Centre and the National Arts Centre. His recordings include *L'Invitation au voyage*, songs of Henri Duparc, with Catherine Robbin and Gerald Finley, *Songs of Oskar Morawetz*, *The Lyrical Art of Mark Pedrotti*, *The Aldeburgh Connection: Schumann, Brahms and Greer* and *Benjamin Britten: The Canticles*. His recording *Songs of Travel*, with Gerald Finley, won a 1998 JUNO.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and appearing in many recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France. Earlier this season he toured British Columbia in recital performances with Catherine Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harp-sichordist.

In addition to the Aldeburgh Connection, TD's Community Giving Program supports TD Canada Trust Scholarships for Community Leadership, TD Friends of the Environment Foundation, TD Canadian Children's Book Week and the Children's Miracle Network, as well as a host of local, regional and national charitable programmes across Canada.



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